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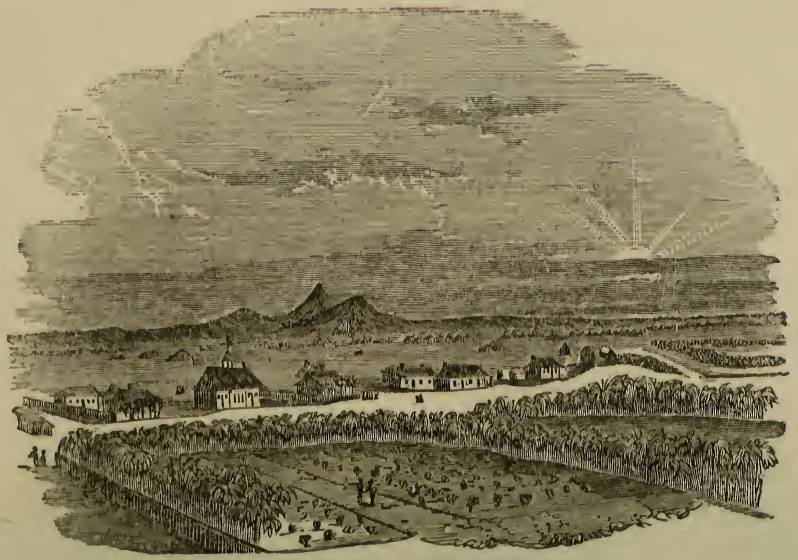

LITHAKO, SOUTH AFRICA.
The first Missionary station in the Bechuana country.

MR. MOFFAT

AND THE

BECHUANAS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

NOTHING is more important than to imbue the minds of children deeply with the missionary spirit. To this end facts narrated in an interesting manner are of the greatest service. Such facts this volume imbodies. They will be found highly entertaining to all who may peruse them, and especially to children. They relate to a country of which we know but little. They show the influence of the gospel upon the most degraded savages.

These facts, addressed as they are to children, were received with great favor on their publication in England. Some of them have been widely circulated in the newspapers of this country. But the whole have never before been published in one volume. Hence we trust that we shall do a good service to the cause of juvenile literature by issuing them in the present cheap and attractive form.

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MR. MOFFAT AND THE BECHUANAS.

CHAPTER I.

SOWING IN TEARS.

Dear Children,—You often hear of the missionaries who go across the sea in ships to teach the poor heathen to know the true God. Perhaps some of you have been to a missionary meeting, and have heard a missionary speak,—some missionary who has come back to tell us joyful news from those far lands;—and as the people have smiled upon him, and cheered him, perhaps you have thought it must be a pleasant thing to be a missionary, and that you should like to be a missionary too. If God should change your hearts by his grace, and make you wise and holy men, such as missionaries ought to be, I should be very glad for you to be missionaries; but you should know well what you would have to do and to bear

Missionaries have to work very hard, and to suffer many trials, and often many years pass by before they have their reward. You must count the cost first, if you wish to be missionaries. I will tell you about the trials of some missionaries, and then you will understand a little of what I mean.

These missionaries went to the country of the Bechuanas, in South Africa. It was a hot and thirsty country, and the people were dark-looking, and wild, and filthy, and savage. They were divided into tribes. Mothibi was the king of the tribe called Batlapis, and Lithako was their chief town. Good Mr. Campbell was the first who paid a visit to Lithako, and talked to Mothibi about having missionaries. Mothibi was just then in a good humor, and this was his answer to Mr. Campbell: "Send missionaries. I will be a father to them." So Mr. Campbell came back, and told the people in England Mothibi's message, and missionaries were sent.

February 17th, 1816, the two missionaries, whose names were Evans anc

Hamilton, arrived in their wagons at Lithako. By this time Mothibi and his people had changed their minds, and they would not let the missionaries stay. They were obliged to yoke their tired oxen to the wagons again, and return to the nearest missionary station. The Bechuanas followed them, hooting at them, and deriding them, and crying, "Away with the white people."

What a disappointment for the poor missionaries, after leaving all their friends in England, and sailing thousands of miles in the ship, and traveling a long journey up the rough, hot, desert country besides,—when they thought, too, that Mothibi would be so glad to see them! But they did not give up at the first rebuff. Some little while after they set off to Lithako again. This time Mothibi and his people were all away, and they could find nothing to eat, and they were obliged to return. This was the second journey they had had for nothing. Next year Mr. Hamilton went a third time. Mr. Read, a good missionary from Caffreland, went with him to try

to coax Mothibi over. Mr. Read told Mothibi how kind it was in the people over the great waters to send him missionaries, and what beautiful presents they had brought for him and his people. Mothibi liked to hear about the presents, and at last he and his people were persuaded to let Mr. Hamilton stay. This was in the year 1817.

Mr. Read went back to his station, and Mr. Hamilton was left all alone. He had not learned the language of the people. Not one of them loved him, or cared a bit about him, and he had neither wife nor friend to comfort him. He had to hold public services, to build a house and a chapel, to dig a long water-course, and to cultivate the ground with his own hands. He had no mill to grind his corn. One half-day he labored with two handstones to get as much meal as would make an eight days' loaf. He kneaded it, and baked it, and then he went to chapel to preach. He came back in the evening very hungry, thinking to enjoy his loaf, and he found it gone. Some thief had forced open his

little window, and crept through it into his little hut, and carried the loaf away. This was the sort of life he led for three long years, till in 1820 Mr. and Mrs. Moffat came to his help. O how glad he must have been to see them!

Now I will tell you what kind of people the Bechuanas were, and a few of the things which the missionaries had to put up with. And, first, you cannot think how dirty they were. The Bechuana children were never washed; the grown-up people were never washed; they never cleaned their houses; and their cooking vessels were never cleaned, unless the dogs took the liberty of doing it with their tongues. They thought it very foolish in the missionaries to wear clothes. They liked better to smear themselves with grease and ochre. Sometimes these poor dirty creatures would crowd into Mr. Moffat's house while he was away, and Mrs. Moffat did not dare to ask them to go, or they might have stoned her in their rage. They would dirty everything they touched, and make the house hardly bearable. Some

times Mr. and Mrs. Moffat had to wait hours for their dinner till their troublesome visitors chose to take themselves off. One day, I suppose when Mr. Moffat was out on a journey, a man was roasting a piece of fat zebra flesh for him. The man kept turning the meat with his hands, and every time he turned he rubbed his hands on his dirty sides for the sake of the grease. Mr. Moffat did not think that this improved his dinner; so at last he ventured to say, "Had you not better turn it with a stick or a fork?" The man laughed very much indeed at this, and when he met his friends he used to repeat it as an excellent joke.

Then you cannot think how thievish and mischievous they were. With very great labor the missionaries had dug a water-ditch some miles in length, to bring water from the Kuruman River for their gardens. Sometimes the women would cut this ditch open, and waste all the water, so that the missionaries were left without a drop. Often Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton had to take a spade, and

go three miles in the hottest part of the day to set the mischief to rights. Often, tired as they were, they had to sit up and keep watch by night; and when, after all their care and pains, they raised a few vegetables, these were stolen from them. Sometimes the natives would peep in at the door of the little chapel, and if they saw the missionary in the pulpit, they would take the opportunity to go and rob his house. What the missionaries valued above all things was their tools, because without these they could not dig, or build, or do anything; and they were far enough away from any place where new tools could be bought, but they found it very difficult to keep these. If the people could get hold of tools, or spoons, or anything made of metal, they would melt them down to make knives or spears; and when Mr. Moffat went out, he would sometimes carry his tools on his back, for fear of their being stolen while he was away. When he and Mr. Hamilton met in the evening, they had always something to tell of their losses, but never of their gains; and at

night the natives would sometimes steal into the cattle-fold, and break the legs or cut off the tails of poor sheep, if they did not carry them away whole.

I could not tell you all the devices they had for annoying their kind teachers. Their behavior in chapel was very trying. Some would be snoring, some laughing, some working. Some would sit with their feet on the benches, and their knees drawn up to their chins, till one would fall asleep, and tumble over, to the great merriment of his fellows. If they could find out any new way to vex the missionaries, they were sure to try it.

But all this ill-usage did not give the missionaries half so much pain as it did to hear these poor savages make a mock of the solemn truths they taught. The Bechuanas were atheists. They had no idols like other nations;—no ideas of the soul, of heaven, or of hell;—no notion of any god at all;—no word in their language for God. They were so stupid, that after the missionaries had been talking to them for hours about God, they

would say, "What is it you wish to tell me?" The reason they could not understand was, that their hearts were not interested. One of them said, "Ra-Mary,* your customs may be good enough for you, but I never see that they fill the stomach." Indeed the words of the missionaries seemed to them to be idle and ridiculous stories, not worth a hearing.

One day Mr. Moffat had been talking to a chief about the power of God. The chief gathered thirty men around him, and after repeating all that Mr. Moffat had said, he asked, "Did you ever hear such words?" Seeing them ready to drop with laughter, the chief went on, "Wait, I shall tell you more. Ra-Mary tells me that we have spirits in us which will never die, and that our bodies, though dead and buried, will rise and live again. Open your ears to-day. Did you ever hear *litlamane* (fables) like these?" Then there came from the hearers a burst of deafening

* "Father of Mary." The Bechuanas call the parents after the names of their children. Mary is Mr. Moffat's eldest daughter.

laughter, and the chief begged Mr. Moffat to say no more on such trifles, lest the people should think him mad. Yet they could play the hypocrite when it suited them, and would pay great attention to get a bit of tobacco. Some would make a trade of telling the missionary how they had prayed, and how God had sent them their lost cattle, or brought game within reach of their spears; and, long after, they would boast how clever they had been in deceiving the missionary.

Many of the natives thought the missionaries a strange race of beings. They could not believe that these visitors from a distant land had come just to teach them what sounded to them like fables. Some said, "You have come to our country to get a living." Others, seeing that the missionaries gained nothing by them, said, "You must have done something bad in your own country, and have run away to escape being punished." Mr. Moffat one day laid down his coat while he was preaching, and when he took it again, he found that his knife had been taken from

his pocket. He begged a chief to help him to get it back. "What is the reason you do not return to your own land?" was all the answer the chief made. "If your land was a good one, or if you were not afraid of returning, you would not be so content to live as you do, while people devour you," said another.

My dear little readers, perhaps you wonder that these people could have been so ungrateful to the kind missionaries who had come so far, and given up so much, only to do them good. Ah! there is One who came further, and gave up much more for *you*. Have you listened to his voice? Have you come to him? Have you loved him for his great goodness? If you have not, you are more stupid, and perverse, and ungrateful, than were these poor Bechuanas.

One day there came a chief and a dozen men with him, and sat down under a tree near Mr. Moffat's house. Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton were called out. The natives had often threatened to kill them; and Mrs. Moffat stood in the cottage-door,

with the babe in her arms, expecting to hear the worst. The chief arose, and as he spoke he quivered his spear. He said, "The chiefs have determined that you shall not stay any longer in this country. Go at once, or you shall be *compelled* to go." This was the answer of the brave missionaries: "We pity you, for you know not what you do. Our hearts are with you; we will not leave you. You may shed blood, or burn us out. We know that you will not touch our wives or children." The chief looked at his companions, and said, "These men must have ten lives, when they are so fearless of death. There must be something in immortality;" and the missionaries were suffered to remain.

Do not think that the story ends here. I shall tell you in another chapter how, after ten long years, the missionaries began to reap the reward of their labor; what happy missionaries and happy people there are in that land now, and how thankful they are that God gave them grace to persevere. No one ever yet served God for naught.

CHAPTER II.

THE TERROR BY NIGHT.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day."

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." Psa. xci, 5, 7.

Some people say that the heathen are very happy, and that it is a pity to disturb them. I think, if you read this little book, you will see that this is a great mistake. How can people be happy when they are for ever fighting with and butchering one another; and no one can feel sure of his own house, or his wife, or his children, or his own life, from day to day?

I do not know whether you have read the previous chapter, called "Sowing in Tears." It is about some good missionaries who went to the country of the Bechuanas, in South Africa, and the many trials they had to bear while they were trying to teach the poor heathen the gospel. This chapter will tell you of more trials

which they went through of another kind. There were no laws, or police, or Christian people in that country. They had no one to take care of them but God. They knew that they were doing his work and will, and they trusted in him, and felt safe in the midst of dangers. And he *did* take care of them, as you shall hear.

After the missionaries had been some years teaching the Bechuanas without doing any good, Mr. Moffat set out on a journey of two hundred miles, to visit another heathen tribe. It was Makaba, the king of the Buangketsi, who wished to see him. When Mr. Moffat had gone about half way on his journey, he heard what made him very uneasy. This was, that a great army of fierce warriors, called Mantatees, were going about destroying the towns and killing the people. He did not believe this when he first heard it, for the people were soon alarmed with every idle story. He went on from place to place, till at last he came very near a town of the Barolong tribe, and found that the Mantatees were actually there. He heard

that they were cannibals, and he heard too that they were going to start off for the very place from which he had come. They were going to fall upon Lithako and the mission station by surprise. You may suppose he did not go on to Makaba after hearing this. He made all possible haste back, to give the Bechuanas warning, and then he went off to the Griqua chief, Waterboer, and begged him to come to the help of the Bechuanas.

There was a great stir at Lithako. Mothibi summoned a parliament or congress: one thousand chiefs and warriors from the country around assembled. They seated themselves in a large circle on the ground, their tiger-skin cloaks fastened around their necks; their spears and shields in front; their quivers of poisoned arrows hanging from their shoulders, and their battle-axes in their right hands. They made speeches, and quivered their spears, and danced and sung war-songs for two hours, and then broke up.

The missionaries packed up all their goods which were too heavy to carry with

them, and buried them in the ground, that they might be ready to flee. They did this to hide their property from the savages, and they meant to dig it up if they were allowed to return. Then their help from the Griqua town arrived: a hundred armed horsemen, with the chief, Waterboer, and Mr. Melvill, at their head.

Mr. Moffat was asked to go with them as interpreter. He consented to go; for he thought he might perhaps persuade the savages to be at peace, and prevent blood being shed. They assembled for prayer before they started. How Mrs. Moffat must have felt when he set out to go into such danger! He and the horsemen traveled on, and on the second day they came within sight of something very extraordinary. It was the side of a hill all black, with many little columns of smoke rising here and there. They drew nearer, and found that it was covered with black people, and that they were the Mantatees. Mr. Moffat tried several times to bring them to a parley but, with savage yells, they rushed fiercely on him, and he had

only just time to turn his horse's head, and flee.

In the evening a great many more Griquas arrived, and next day a battle was fought. The Mantatees would not listen to proposals of peace, and it was necessary to hinder them from destroying the peaceful towns and villages. The Griquas conquered, for they had fire-arms, which the savages had never seen. Their warriors fell, they knew not how; and, after a desperate struggle, they were seized with despair, and fled. War in any country is a frightful thing; but those only who have seen it among savages can tell the horrors of savage warfare. As soon as the Mantatees had been driven from their encampment, the Bechuanas who had come with the Griquas began to butcher the women and children with their spears and war-axes. They would cut off an arm or a head to get the copper necklaces and bracelets. You might have seen mothers and infants rolled in blood, or a living babe in the arms of a dead mother. Ah! how do those mistake who talk of the heathen

being *happy!* Mr. Moffat galloped in among the Bechuanas, and put a stop to this cruel work. As soon as the women found that mercy was shown them, instead of flying, they sat down, and cried, "I am a woman! I am a woman!" Then Mr. Melvill and Mr. Moffat collected them together, and took them to a place of safety. They had been so long without food, that whenever they came to a piece of raw meat which had been thrown away in the flight, they would stop till they had devoured it. Mr. Moffat found that the Mantatees intended to have marched for the Kuruman that very night. If it had not been for his journey to Makaba, all must have been destroyed.

Mr. Moffat returned to the station, and Mr. Melvill arrived two days after with the women and children. Mr. Melvill set off again in the wagon, with Mr. Hamilton, to see if they could save any more. They found some women feasting on the dead bodies of their companions. On another occasion, finding a dead horse which had been killed by the bite of a

serpent, the women fell on the half-putrid carcass, tore it limb from limb, and ate till not a morsel remained, so ravenous was their hunger. They were all day over it, and in the evening they danced and sung with joy.

Two days after Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Melvill had gone, the news reached the Kuruman that the Mantatees were coming to take vengeance. What a night was that which followed! Waterboer and the Griquas had returned to Griqua town. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Melvill had gone into the midst of danger. The men sat out of doors listening for every sound. Mrs. Moffat put warm cloaks on her two little children, to be ready to flee to the mountains. Mr. Moffat hung his gun with his cloak by the door, ready to take with him, to defend them from beasts of prey. A woman, who the day before had escaped the enemy, ran the whole night, reached the door of one of the houses, fainted from fatigue, and fell to the ground. On recovering, the first words she uttered were, "The Mantatees!" "This went through

the thousands," writes Mr. Moffat, "like an electric shock." All thought they were close at hand; but the morning broke, and the missionaries and the settlement were in safety still. The Mantatees changed their purpose, and had gone another way. All immediate danger of an invasion from them was over, and Mr. Moffat again left home, to make his long-talked-of visit to Makaba. We will stay awhile with Mrs. Moffat, and see what happened to her while he was away.

The missionaries had arranged to move the mission station to a more convenient place at a little distance. Just after Mr. Moffat had left, Mr. Hamilton went to the new station to get all ready. Mrs. Moffat was left alone with her two babes, and two little Bushmen children in the house. One evening a Hottentot girl came in, wringing her hands, and telling that the fierce Mantatees were on their way to the Kuruman. Mrs. Moffat sent a message to Mothibi, and then, commending herself and her little ones to the care of God, she lay down to sleep. Surely nothing but

faith in him could have allowed her to sleep at such a time! At midnight she was awakened by a loud rap at the door. She thought perhaps this might be the enemy; but when she asked who was there, she heard the voice of Mothibi. She opened the door, and he came in with as many men as the house could hold, bringing the news that the Mantatees were really coming. She obtained a light, listened to their story, and sat down to write a letter to Mr. Hamilton. He arrived in the morning at about eight o'clock. All was hurry and confusion. Warriors were assembling from the villages around;—some of the people were packing up,—others hiding their goods in the earth, and all preparing to flee.

About noon came the news that the Mantatees had turned toward the Barolongs instead of the Kuruman. Then there was great joy in all hearts but one. Poor Mrs. Moffat felt more sad and anxious than before, for she feared that she should never see Mr. Moffat again. She knew that this was the time for him to leave

Makaba, and that he was coming back just by the way that the Mantatees were going, and was sure to meet them. The Bechuanas at the station were sorry for her; but though she begged hard, not one would venture to go in search of Mr. Moffat. Many people brought her word that Mr. Moffat had been killed. One said that he had seen a piece of the wagon; another, a part of Mr. Moffat's saddle; another, some parts of his linen stained with blood. Thus did three long weary weeks of suspense and terror pass away.

I need not tell you that Mr. Moffat had not been cut off, but he had indeed been in danger. After leaving Makaba, Berend, the Griqua chief, proposed to part company, and go to his home another way. If he had done so, Mr. Moffat must have been killed. He changed his mind, however, and went with him. As they drew near the town of the Barolongs, the Mantatees saw the wagons, or white people's traveling houses, and planned to attack them in the night-time. A large

body hid themselves among the bushes; and as the evening closed in, and Mr. Moffat and a few of his party were riding on, head after head rose from the ground, and a savage yell was raised. Mr. Moffat describes one of these savages, and the rest were much like him. His black body was made still blacker with grease and charcoal: he wore black ostrich feathers on his head; his eyes glared with rage, and his mouth poured forth curses. These savages had never seen fire-arms, and Mr. Moffat and his party with their muskets and horses managed to clear a way through the enemy, and for that night they escaped. Next day the Mantatees were driven away by the Barolongs and the Griquas.

Mr. Moffat returned home, and says that his arrival was like life from the dead. That very morning Mrs. Moffat had at last persuaded a few men to go and seek for him, when she again beheld him safe and well. I leave you to fancy her joy. Which of my little readers will not rejoice with her?

What made Mrs. Moffat sleep so peacefully when she heard that the Mantatees were so near? What made Mr. Moffat go so fearlessly to meet them? It was *trust in God.* They knew that they were doing his will, and that, whether in life or in death, he would be with them. And he did not disappoint their trust. He kept them safely through many a year of danger and trial, till at length the danger passed away. Several of these tribes have left off destroying one another. The peaceful reign of Jesus is putting an end to their horrid wars, and even the fierce Mantatees are listening to the voice of a Christian missionary.

CHAPTER III.

REAPING IN JOY.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

If my little readers have not read the chapter headed, "Sowing in Tears," I am afraid they will not quite understand this, as it is only the last part of the story. That chapter tells about two good missionaries, named Moffat and Hamilton, who went across the seas to South Africa, to preach to some poor savages, called Bechuanas. It tells how often their lives were in danger, and how their patience was tried by the perverseness and wickedness of these poor people; and yet, how for ten long years they worked and waited in patient hope. Their friends in England began to think that it was of no use, and talked of sending for them home. This distressed the missionaries very much indeed, for they could not bear to leave the poor Bechuanas to die in their sins. They felt sure that, sooner or later, God would bless his own word, and break the

stony hearts of the Bechuanas. And so it came to pass.

Not very far from the Bechuana country is another, called Griqua Land. Many of the Griquas had become Christians, and they had a Christian chief, and were strong enough to protect themselves from the savage tribes. There were some of the Griquas who had heard the gospel, and seemed for a time as if they would become Christians too; but when they found that they could not do all the wicked things they had been used to do, they could not bear the restraint. They broke loose, and left Griqua town, and went in a body to live by murdering and plundering wherever they found opportunity. They came again and again to the mission station, and threatened to destroy it. This was one of the great trials to the missionaries. They were obliged to take their families to Griqua town to be safe. When they came back, they found that most of the Bechuanas around their station had fled for fear of the rebels, and half their cattle were dead, and they had to begin their work over again.

BECHUANA MEN IN THEIR NATIVE DRESS.

After a time, some strangers from other tribes gathered around them. Altogether there were about fifty families from seven different tribes. Mr. Moffat made three hymns, and taught the people to sing them. They liked this very much indeed. The school began to increase, and the missionaries were much surprised to hear that some began to pray. But the wicked men in the mountains would give the missionaries no peace. A troop of them came to the station, and marched about for two days in the village. The people treated them kindly, but this did not soften their hearts, and they began an attack upon the station. Then the people rose up in earnest, and drove them away. Five men were taken prisoners, and brought to Mr. Moffat's house. He fed them, and talked to them, and sent them back unhurt to their friends. They thought it very strange to meet with such kindness from those whom they had intended to kill.

Soon after this, some of the people, who had run away for fear of the rebels, returned to the Kuruman mission station,

and the attendance at the chapel increased, and the hearers began to listen with deep and earnest attention. This was a new thing, and very pleasant to the missionaries. Two months after, another and more powerful troop of rebels came to destroy the station; but God again, in a wonderful manner, delivered his servants. These bad men all came to a miserable end. One of the ringleaders, named Jacob Cloete, afterward came as a beggar to the Kuruman. He looked thin, and worn, and wretched. He would look wild, and start, as if he saw evil spirits around him. The very Bechuanas whom he had so injured pitied him, and gave him food, saying, "He is seized by terrors." He soon after this died. The Bechuanas could not help seeing God's hand in the judgments which fell upon these men, and they were inclined to believe what the missionaries told them of his superintending providence.

The people now began to come in greater numbers to the little chapel, and it soon became too small. The missionaries

were taken by surprise, when from listening the people began to weep. The feeling spread from heart to heart, till even little children wept; and sometimes the missionary could not go on with his sermon for the sobs of the congregation.

Some time before, a slave in the colony, named Aaron Josephs, had run away from his master. A kind friend paid the money for his ransom, and set him free. He came with his wife and children on a long visit to the Kuruman station, for he wished them all to learn to read and write. He became a Christian, and begged to be baptized. He and his three children, and Mr. and Mrs. Moffat's little baby, were baptized at the same time. This was just when the poor Bechuanas were beginning to weep over their sins. They were much moved when they saw Aaron and his children baptized, and became still more anxious about their own souls. They held meetings among themselves for prayer; and when there was no one able to pray, they would sing the three hymns which Mr. Moffat had made for them over and

over till late at night, and meet again for worship before morning dawned. In a little while, Aaron and two other men came, and offered, of their own free-will, and at their own cost, to build a school-house, which might do for a place of worship till a larger chapel could be built. They only wanted the plan, and the doors and windows, as they could not make these. Mr. Hamilton gave them directions, and very cheerfully they set to work. Even women and children did their part, and it was soon finished, and opened in May, 1829.

The next month, six of the converts, with five of their children, were baptized. Aaron's wife was one of them. The school-house was thronged, and it was a joyful day for the missionaries. In the evening, the native Christians and the missionaries partook of the Lord's supper together. The little church, missionaries and all, were twelve in number, and some of them were from among that very people who had so long boasted that not one of them should ever be brought to confess the name of Jesus.

Very soon great changes of another kind began to appear among the Bechuanas. Instead of remaining dirty, and idle, and almost naked, they began to wash, and to work, and to make clothes. The women came to Mrs. Moffat to beg her to teach them, and she set up a sewing-school. They took off their ornaments to buy soft skins to make gowns. The men also came to Mrs. Moffat to ask directions about their clothes, for they supposed she could teach them as well as the women. One wanted a jacket cut for him; another wanted a pattern; and another would bring his garment sewed upside down, and ask why it would not fit. They often made themselves very curious figures, but it delighted the missionaries to see their efforts. Indeed, when a man was seen making a pair of trowsers, or a woman a gown, it was a sure sign that they were wishing to become Christians. After awhile, they began to make tables, and chairs, and chests, to put in their houses. Instead of rubbing the fat of animals over their bodies, they made it into

candles to read by in the evenings, and a pleasant thing it was to the missionaries to see the bunches of candles hanging against the walls. They were exceedingly anxious to be taught, and daily increased in knowledge of the Scriptures, and of many good and useful things.

For two or three years before, there had been a great drought, but now abundance of rain fell, and caused the newly made fields and gardens to smile. The people began to taste the pleasures and to reap the fruits of industry. They planted tobacco, and traded with it. They came to the missionaries for fresh seeds and plants, and after awhile, maize, wheat, barley, peas, potatoes, carrots, and onions, were to be seen thriving in their grounds. Schooling too went on so well, that Mr. Moffat found he must get some books printed at the Cape of Good Hope. He went, and in 1831 came back, bringing with him treasures such as had never found a way to the Bechuanas before. The Gospel of Luke and a hymn-book printed, a printing-press, type, paper, and

ink; and, more than all, there came with him a party of fresh missionaries.

Soon the printing-press was in busy request to prepare lessons, spelling-books, and catechisms, for the schools. The natives were very much surprised when they saw a white sheet, after being covered up for a moment, come out spangled with letters. One of them seized a sheet, and bounded into the village, showing it to every one whom he met, and saying that Mr. Moffat and Mr. Edwards had made it in a moment with a round black hammer (a printer's ball) and a shake of the arm. The village soon came crowding in to see this wonderful machine. Some time after this, there came a fresh supply of large type from England, and then new and larger Scripture lessons were printed off. The children had grown so eager about reading, that they would wait round the door to get the sheets as fast as they could be printed off.

Mrs. Moffat had now the help of two other missionaries' wives, and together they set up a large sewing-school. A

present of materials for clothing arrived from the Cape, and it was pleasant to see these turned into garments by the poor natives. This was the first present of the kind they had had, and a very welcome one it was. Perhaps by this time they had received the treasures that Mr. and Mrs. Moffat took with them at the beginning of the year. Since that time the children have been to school in the nice frocks that the English children made for them.

The missionaries had the still greater joy of seeing more and more of the poor natives truly converted to Jesus. Among these were three old, *very* old grandmothers. You shall hear about one of them. She was looked up to by the younger women on account of her great age, and had it in her power to do them a great deal of harm. She was loaded with grease and dirt. She hated the sight of the chapel, and taught many to blaspheme. One day she came to the chapel in search of a child, and was obliged to wait a few minutes. She had not heard many sen-

tences when she fled away. Next sabbath she came again. The people were frightened, knowing how wicked she was; but she listened quietly, and made no disturbance. In a few days she came to Mr. Moffat. She seemed almost distracted. She cried, "My sins, my sins!" The tears streamed down her cheeks, and she could take no comfort. Night after night she would call Mr. Moffat out of bed to tell her what was to become of her soul. One day meeting him in the street, she grasped his hands, and said, as if her heart would break, "To live I cannot—I cannot die." Mr. Moffat directed her to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, but she interrupted him by saying, "You say the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sins; do you know the number of mine? Look to yonder grassy plain, and count the blades of grass, or the drops of dew: these are nothing to the amount of my transgressions." After a few weeks she was enabled to believe in her Saviour, and then how great the change! She was found sitting at his

feet, cleansed and clothed, and in her right mind. She knew not how to speak humbly enough of herself, or how to be diligent enough in getting instruction. When subscriptions were making for the Missionary Society, she one day brought in her hand a pumkin. Mrs. Moffat, knowing how poor she was, told her that she might keep it, and she would give a trifle for her in her name. She answered, "Who is so great a debtor to the Saviour as I am? Is it too small? I will go and borrow another."

Last of all, the king, poor old Mothibi, who for twenty-five years had held out against the gospel, was brought to the feet of Jesus. His wife and two of his sons, and their wives, had joined the church long before him. At last he began to feel alarmed about his soul: he wept much for his sins, and could not hide his distress from the believers. He begged his sons to take him to the Kuruman to see his own missionary. He said to Mr. Edwards, "I have come to speak to you about my soul. I am an old man, great from age, but without understanding. There is nothing left but my old

bones and withered skin. I heard the word from the beginning, but never understood, and now I have no rest night nor day. My soul is sorrowful, and burning with anguish: my mind is dark, and my memory cannot retain the good word. But though it forsakes me, it does me good: it leaves something behind in my soul, which I cannot explain, but which causes me to hope. I wish to cast myself at the feet of the Son of God, in hope and expectation that he will have mercy on me." At length, feeble with age, he stood forth to make a public profession of his faith, and was baptized, in the presence of his people, in the name of Jesus.

The history of the Bechuana mission is a noble lesson of perseverance, patient waiting, and firm trust in God, and rich has been the reward. If, under *such* trials and discouragements, Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton could persevere for so many years in their arduous work, how ashamed should we be of getting tired in the small and easy service in which we have engaged at home! Let us ask for grace to imitate their example.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. MOFFAT'S VISIT TO THE CHILDREN OF MANCHESTER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—I saw such a beautiful sight last night! Between two and three thousand children and their teachers gathered together in one large chapel, to listen while a missionary told them about the perishing heathen. I remembered the many children who could not be present, and was sorry for them, and I think perhaps they will like to read about the pleasures in which they could not share.

Long before the time, crowds of little people were waiting in the street, each with a ticket from a minister or teacher, for no one might go in without; and when the doors were opened, there were so many, the chapel was very soon almost filled. And very patiently they waited till the clock struck, and then Mr. Moffat and many ministers and friends came in, and we all sung that hymn,

"All hail to the power of Jesus' name;"

and we all knelt to ask that God would be with those assembled children that night.

The children of Manchester love Mr. Moffat, for he was once a sabbath-school teacher there, and they wished to tell him so. A minister, therefore, wrote a letter for them to Mr. Moffat, saying they thanked him for coming to them; and that though that night he was bidding them a last farewell, they would love him still, and pray for him when he was far away, and for the thousands of sable children in Africa too.

This letter was read at the meeting to Mr. Moffat, and the children clapped their hands to show that they all agreed to what it said. Now, Mr. Moffat will take that letter to Africa, and perhaps sometimes will feel comforted when he thinks of the promise it gives,—so I hope the dear children will not forget. It was a solemn promise.

Then Mr. Moffat rose;—and, O, I wish you could have seen how all these young faces shone, as if touched by a sunbeam, with a smile of love and welcome! The

first story he told was about himself. It is in a little book called, "African Scenes." He spoke, too, of Sarah Roby, the baby he dug out of its living grave, and who is now a great girl. But you have read of that; so I shall tell you two of the other stories.

THE HYMN-BOOK.

You, I dare say, have hymn-books or Bibles of your own; but it is not so in Africa. Even the grown-up people there can scarcely get a book at all, and would give a great deal for some of those which English children often throw carelessly about. One day Mr. Moffat was sitting in his house, when in came a man in such a hurry he could scarcely speak; but his dark face was full of meaning as he exclaimed, "I want a hymn-book! I want a hymn-book!" "Well," said Mr. Moffat, "sit down a little." "I can't sit down;—I want a hymn-book! I want a hymn-book!" And this was all he could say, "I've come a long way for a hymn-book! I want a hymn-book!" "Well; but," said

Mr. Moffat, "I have only one for Mrs. Moffat and myself;—I cannot give you that. Go down to the village, and try if you can beg one." "Ah!" said the man, "that won't do: you don't know the Bechuanas, but I do. If *I* had a hymn-book, I know *I* would not give it away." Just then a bright thought seemed to come into his head:—"Do you think I could *steal* one?" (Remember, dear children, he was a heathen, and only just beginning to "feel after God.") "O, no, you must not steal one; that would be wrong!" "Why," said the man, "your people have plenty; they can look over one another: mine have not one. Where would be the harm of my just 'taking the lend of one,' and carrying it off with me?" But Mr. Moffat would not hear of this; so off the poor man set; but he returned with a sorrowful countenance:—no one would part with a hymn-book. And two days he stayed; but on the third his face looked brighter; and Mr. Moffat began to fear he really had stolen one; but no,—he had a better thought now

Far, far across the mountains lived a friend, to whom this man had lent a fine fat sheep. (They have no money there, but exchange *things* instead.) And so, away over hill and valley traveled this poor man; more, I think, than a hundred and thirty miles, till he came to the friend's home. He entered, and "I'm come for my sheep!" was all he said: but, O, in *such* a voice! "Well," said his friend, "sit down, and tell us the news." "I'm come for my sheep!" was the answer. This was *bad news* for the man, for the sheep was ten miles away across the mountains; so he said, "But not now, friend?" "Yes, *now*,—I'll have my sheep now!" And whatever the man urged, "I'm come for my sheep!" was the reply: till, at length, changing his tone, the visitor said, "Well, then, give me your hymn-book."

Now, the poor man had been all the way to the missionary station for the hymn-book, and had only returned with his treasure the night before, and it was hard to part with it so soon. But the

other had heard of his journey, and that was the reason he followed in such a hurry.

While they were talking, the stranger, touching a skin mantle which hung against the wall, spied under it another book tied round with a string, and hanging from a hook, to keep it from the mice. "O, give me that!" he said. "No," the man replied, "I cannot give you that. That book first led me on the way to find the Babe of Bethlehem." Then the visitor begged again for the hymn-book; but the man, who loved God, at last said, "I cannot give you my book; but my wife and I will sit up with you all night, and teach you the hymns, and you can carry them away *in your head* instead." At length the man was persuaded: so there they sat all night, the man, his wife, and the stranger, reading and singing hymns; and with the morning light the poor man went away; and I hope (do not you?) that the next time any books were to be had, he would be one of the first to get one. Dear children, prize your books,

but try to *put them into your heads too;* and, O, pity those who have neither book nor teacher!

But now for the story about the BABE OF BETHLEHEM:—When this man was a little boy, he was watching sheep in a field: so, as we don't know his name, we will call him the little shepherd. In the next field was another boy, a stranger: but they soon did as you know children in England like to do,—got together to talk, perhaps to play. By and by the strange boy took out of the skin-bag slung across his shoulder a small book, and began to read. Away flew the little shepherd like an arrow from a bow, and when his friend called him back, "No," he said, "I dare not come." "Why, what are you afraid of?" "Of that little thing in your hand; it is a sorcerer." "O, no! it is only a book." "Ah! but I heard you talking to it. It has no ears, and no head, and how can it hear unless it is a sorcerer?" "I was not talking, I was *reading*," said the stranger. But our little boy did not know what reading was, and

far away he kept at the very corner of the field while his friend tried to explain. At last, having laid the book on an ant-hill at a distance, he persuaded the little shepherd to sit down by his side and listen. "Now," he said, "the little black marks you saw are seeds; (he meant the letters;) each seed has a different sound; and we string a few of these seeds together, like beads of different colors, and they make words, and tell us stories and other things we like to know:—let me show you how." So the little coward consented, but he kept his bright black eye sharply fixed on the book, lest it should do him any mischief. Then the other boy read the story, in Luke, about the star and the Babe of Bethlehem, and the listener forgot his fear in his delight. "What a wonderful Baby that must have been," he exclaimed, "that the shepherds should leave their flocks to seek him, and hat his father and mother should take such care about him!" Ah! he knew that the Bechuanas cared more for their sheep than their children, and that even parents there often throw away their ba-

bies to the lions and hyenas! "Where is that Baby now?" he asked. "Can I see him?" "O," said the reader, "he is at the Kuruman! (the missionary station:) I never saw him, but I know he is there; for they talk to him, and sing to him. I have heard them."

The little shepherd thought awhile, and then *he* too left his flocks and herds to seek the infant Saviour. No *star* shone to guide his way; but God, who has said, "They who seek me early *shall* find me," led him safely on his long, long journey to the Kuruman. He got there on a Saturday night, and a kind Christian woman in the village took him in, and gave him food. O, religion teaches us to be kind! The next morning he heard a strange sound,—the "ting, ting, ting" of the bell. He knew not what it meant, for the heathen children know no sabbath. Their life is one long, dreary week, and the day of their death is the Saturday night. He saw that the people gathered up their books, and hurried away; and he thought they must be going to eat:—what else

should make them in such haste? The afternoon brought the same sound, and away went the people and the books; and this time our little boy followed. They entered the chapel, and in he went tóo;—and there stood the missionary with an open book before him. The child was not afraid now, but listened while the people sung a hymn; and, O, he thought the voice of praise was very sweet! It was the first time he heard it. Then the missionary read; and, strange to say, he chose this very same chapter in Luke.

The boy looked around for this Babe of Bethlehem. One of Mr. Moffat's children was there—a white child—the first he had ever seen. "O, surely," he thought, "that must be this wonderful Baby!" (*You* could have told him better,—could you not?) But still he was not satisfied, and he went with his tale to the kind old woman. She knew what he wanted, and led him to the missionary; who told him the wonderful story of a Saviour's love,—how

He that was a King above,
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity, and of love,
That the guilty he might save:
Down to this sad world he flew,
For such little ones as you.

The child listened, and God the Spirit opened his heart to receive that gentle Saviour, and he became indeed a child of God. No wonder, then, he loved his Bible.

Dear children, *you* know better than to be afraid of the book of God; but do you *love* it? You have kind ministers and teachers, happy Sunday schools, and precious Bibles:—your hearts ought to be saying with more of understanding than this little Bechuana boy's did, "We would see Jesus!" Jesus sees you;—he knows which among you is saying to God,—

"Art thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And strive in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought."

But this is plenty for one letter: so I will only tell you one more of the stories we heard:—A little sweep was

scampering along the street, when some one called to him, "Where are *you* running so fast?" "I'm running to the missionary meeting." "The missionary meeting! What have you to do with that?" "O," he said, "I've a share in the concern!" And so he had: he had given his pennies,—perhaps he had given his prayers,—and now he was running to the missionary meeting to hear what had become of his pennies and his prayers.

Dear children, have *you* "a share in the concern?" Have you given your pennies? If so, you hear what good *they* are doing. But the prayers!—if those come from your hearts, *they* go to God, and God can do all things. O, then, pray to him for yourselves, for missionaries, for *their children*, and for the thousands of little ones far away who know not his name and his love. Prove that you have a "share in the concern." I hope all the dear children in that meeting had.

They sung a verse, when Mr. Moffat

sat down; and after prayer they all went home: and who knows in how many young hearts some good seed was sown that evening?

I am, dear little friends,
Yours affectionately,
A TEACHER.

Nov. 17, 1842.

CHAPTER V.

MR. MOFFAT'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I rise on the present occasion with feelings of a peculiar description: for this, I think I may say, is the last juvenile audience that I shall be able to address in my native land. You all know that the time of my departure is drawing near, when I shall again leave the land of my forefathers,—the land that gave me birth. I must soon go far hence among the sable sons and daughters of Africa, there to live, and there to spend and be spent. I hope there to live and labor for many years. I have no other prospect but that of finish-

ing my course there, and leaving my bones there to mingle with those of Afric's children.

Now, there is something very solemn in the idea that I shall see your faces no more till we have entered a deathless state,—the unchangeable state beyond the grave. There is something very solemn in the idea that when we shall see each other again, we shall see each other in the presence of that God who made us, who preserved us, and who blessed us,—there to stand, and there to give an account of all that we have done, of all that we have said, of all that we have heard, and of what we are going to say, and going to hear, on the present occasion.

My feelings are of a peculiar description at the present time, because, although I have addressed many thousands upon thousands of children both in England and Scotland, I have not before addressed the children of that people with whom I have lived for nearly three years, and among whom I have, with my dear wife, had much sweet communion. I have

gone out and come in among them, that is, among you, the people of Walworth, and I feel it, as I have ever felt it, to be ro small privilege. I esteem it a real pleasure to be able to employ my latest efforts among the young people of this part of the metropolis, that I may leave my last testimony here, and that they may hear the last I have to say.

Dear children, I am going to speak about missions; I am going to speak about boys and girls; I am going to speak about Africa; and I know that what I am going to tell you, you will not be able to forget. Even were you desirous to forget it, you will recollect that you once heard me speak: you will recollect the subject I took, and the stories I told you; and wherever you wander in the city, or wherever you travel abroad, you will not forget hearing from the lips of a man that lived twenty-three years among the black children of Africa, and was a teacher there, a missionary there, what he came back and told you that he had seen and had heard there.

I speak from experience, for I remember well what I heard when I was a boy. I, too, like some of you, was once a Sunday scholar, and I have been a Sunday-school teacher. I remember well what I heard when I was a little boy, though I heard as if I heard not; and though it appeared to make no impression, lines were made upon my memory,—the tablet of my memory. This treasure, these sweet words, these useful words, these affectionate words, and especially those of a pious mother, were deposited in a little cabinet,—the cabinet of memory; and though I did not see them at all times, and did not hear them speak out of my bosom at all times, still I never forgot them in all my wanderings in Africa. I have wandered many hundreds, many thousands of miles in Africa;—wandered far from the abodes of men, where there was nothing to be heard but the music of the desert, the lion's roar, the hyena's howl, and where there was the dread of meeting some ruthless savage from day to day. Traveling in that way I never, no never forgot what

I heard when I was a little boy, and therefore what I am going to say to you, I am going to write upon your memories. The blessing of God has been already implored, and I shall implore the blessing of God again; and I have a full persuasion, that though you may see me no more, yet you will remember me, and I hope you will pray for me also. When you read of my journeys in Africa, and what the gospel is doing there, and when I describe the people whom I saw there, you will feel an interest,—you will feel your hearts glow within you,—you will feel your hearts kind to every African. O, I love Africa! I love every one that loves Africa! You know how natural it is for a person to love his own; how natural it is for a man to think that his own wife and his own children are the best in the world. Quite right. Now, Africa is my country, and I look upon her children as my children, and my tears mingle with the tears of her weeping millions. I have given myself to Africa, and therefore I seem to feel love to all that love Africa.

I love the missionary who loves India, and he ought to love India. I love the missionary who loves the negroes of the West Indies, and he ought to love them; and wherever a missionary is, he ought to look at the people as his people,—the people that God has given him, and to whom God has sent him, like dear Williams of the South Seas, whom you all know, and whose memory you cherish. He loved the very people who killed him. This was like the Saviour.

Now, it just occurred to my mind when you were singing; and, O, it was delightful! though there was a little jarring here and there in the ears of the kind leader, (that was, however, nothing; it was lost in the grandeur and sweetness of tones that rolled delightfully with a cadence as if from angels' harps,) it occurred to my mind how many Sunday scholars were met at the present time throughout the world. There was a time when Raikes, single-handed, undertook to teach children on the sabbath day. What a wonderful movement that was! What would Raikes

now say? When I walked through the town of Gloucester I could almost persuade myself I saw him. Now, now in the days in which we live,—O what happy days!—the sun never sets on Sunday schools,—never sets, in all its course around the globe, on Sunday schools; or, if he is about to set on one school, he is rising on another. If he is setting on one missionary station, he is shining in meridian splendor upon another; so that it may be said that the praises of children, the anthems of children, are continuing to ascend while the sun goes round and round the world. His praises are sung from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, even by children. O happy days! O happy prospect! Instead of the fathers shall rise up the children.

Now, this is a most animating view of the subject; and I cannot think that there is music more delightful, music more harmonious, music more heavenly and sweet in the ears of the Redeemer of the world, than the music of infant tongues. Ah! said the Saviour, when he was going up

to Jerusalem, and heard infant hosannas, and smiled as he heard,—"If these should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out." Is not this delightful? Look only at the Saviour,—the blessed Jesus,—for whom all things were made, and by whom all things exist, and you and I, and all of us. Look at the Saviour,—the meek and lowly Jesus,—healing the sick, cleansing the leper, raising the dead, and giving eyes to the blind:—try and look on Him, my dear children, on whom angels loved to look. These needy creatures, as we are, were all objects of his sympathy,—they all required his help; but we see the Saviour taking in his arms children that needed no such helps from him: they did not know *their* Redeemer;—they were happy and cheerful, hanging, with an infant heavenly smile, on their mother's bosom; taking these children in his arms, and blessing them, and saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." This sweet expression, my dear children, refers *to you.*

Now, one delightful characteristic (I will talk to the children by and by) of the

present time is that mighty movement which the infant mind is experiencing. Their operations are very small, and their efforts very small; but think of thousands, and tens of thousands, whose minds are being directed not only to the Bible, but to where the Bible itself directs them, and that is the heathen world,—to pray for the poor perishing heathen, so that we may expect in the coming generation there will be a host of mighty missionary minds, which will throw us of the present day into the shade, when our heads are laid beneath the clods of the vale. That day is coming, in which you shall live when we are dead.

Compare the present time with the past. I remember once being brought to a place where there was some ivy and other creepers trained around the walls of a school-room, (it was in a national school in Newcastle-upon-Tyne,) some tending obliquely, some horizontally, some perpendicularly, and some with their ends downward. It brought to my mind those beautiful lines of the poet,—

"'Tis education forms the tender mind,—
For as the twig is bent,
So is the tree inclined."

In my youthful years I have trained many trees, and I was very much impressed with these words of the poet; and I remembered at the time that I once saw a heathen man, a father, a venerable-looking man, who went up one day to his son in a rage with a club to knock him down. The son looked at him with the greatest indifference, and said, "Father, take your spear, take your spear!" The father looked at him again, and then he said to his father, pointing to a large stately accacia giraffe tree, a very strong tree, like an old oak tree, "Go and bend that tree." "Am I a fool?" asked the father. "Yes," replied the son; "you have been a fool hitherto: for you ought to have begun with me when I was a boy. Now I am a man, and it is at your peril to touch me. I will pierce your heart with a spear if you lift your hand against me!" O, I thought at the moment, how many hundreds and thousands of parents have to weep tears,—

I would say almost of blood,—burning tears of regret, that they did not begin to train their children while they were children :—

> "For as the twig is bent,
> So is the tree inclined."

Therefore I, for my part, think very, very highly of the labors of Sunday-school teachers. They have in their power the transformation of character, and from their labors results the most stupendous are certain to take place. Just look at the mother who nurses the babe on her bosom. That mother bears on her bosom a power which may one day sway empires, and govern crowns. Children that are thus nursed receive their first impressions, —impressions that are never afterward erased,—from the mother that nurtures them, and speaks to them. How sweet a mother's voice! It reigns in life, it speaks in death. On the same principle Sunday school teachers have a responsible charge standing, as they often do, in the room of parents, they have the care of immortal souls committed to them. And, O, how

many there are that lift the voice of praise and thanksgiving to God every morning and evening at this day, at this time, because they have been placed in a Sunday school! Think also how many distinguished characters there have been, and now are, engaged in the kingdom of the Lord, who were once children in a Sunday school; and what may we not expect at the present time from the thousands upon thousands who are not now reading *Jack, the Giant Killer*, as I used to do when I was a boy,—not reading *Beauty and the Beast*,—not reading *The Forty Thieves*, and *Sinbad, the Sailor*, and such trash as this; but reading lovely little stories, on which they gaze like men on a bright shining gem, till they feel their very minds shining and animated with Christian zeal,—till they really feel an interest in everything that has reference to missionary work,—and you know that work was the Saviour's work. I was astonished at a sight which I remember seeing in Edinburgh. All the children assembled to hear an address:—what do you think of three thousand, and

more than three thousand, children listening to a missionary? Each received a sweet little missionary book. After the people had gone out, after the congregation of children had been dismissed, it was hard work to get along the streets. Every shop window, no matter what the shop contained, eggs, butter candles, or coals, where there was a light, was crowded with the little things reading the books they had received,—I know not how many. They had a little story to read about my taking a baby out of the ground, and other little stories. These books must have made an impression on their minds that never, never can be erased. O, the glorious results of the labors of Sunday-school teachers are beyond all calculation! Next day I met several of these children, who told me, with animated countenances, what they had read.

I remember meeting with an individual in a hospital at Cape Town. He was a young man; he had fallen from the mast-head, and broken his leg, and was conveyed there. When I went and conversed

with him about his soul, he returned answers that were like fiery darts. He cursed me, and told me "to go about my business: he was not going to have any of my Methodist humbug; he knew better," and so on. I called on him again on another sabbath. I spoke, and spoke, and spoke, and by and by I dropped an expression, a single expression, that touched some tender chord in his heart: it vibrated in his soul. He paused,—he was silent,—he gazed on me, and the tears ran from his eyes. I asked him the cause: he replied, "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—the soul,—the never-dying soul! What a thought! "Those were the words I heard from my Sunday-school teacher." That man kissed my hand, and adored and praised God for giving me grace to persevere, notwithstanding all his opprobrious language on a preceding day.

But I am going to talk about Africa. I see you are looking for something respecting Africa. I want to tell you what Sunday schools are doing there: I want

to tell you what missionaries are doing there: the benefits not only that mothers receive from the missionary enterprise, but the blessings and comforts that every group of society receives, and especially children. We have heard,—

> "For as the twig is bent,
> So is the tree inclined."

There are the tender twigs bent in Africa. We see, in walking about plantations in gentlemen's parks, or in gardens, or anywhere else, that great care is taken of the little trees: we see that they are fenced about. But after they have grown and become great trees, they are left to themselves, and are exposed to the winter's storm. We see young plants guarded from cattle and from the feet of the stranger; and we see,—I know the fact, for I have been engaged in these things myself,—we see the gardener, or the nurseryman, or the individual that takes care of them, prune them nicely, and keep them in order while young; and then, when they are grown up, they look so fine when they are stately fruitful trees.

Now, how were young twigs nurtured in Africa? I shall tell you:—very differently from what they are in this land. There, you must know, there were no sabbaths. I am speaking of Africa as we found it, and such as it is at the present day thousands of miles in the interior. There was no sabbath there,—no, not one. They had one long week. It began when they were born, and it was Saturday night when they were dead. They had no fast days, no feast days, or perhaps they had one feast in a year,—a feast of dancing and singing. Hunger and a hunt mark their lives. Seldom full, generally found fasting; leading the life of a dog, by turns of hunger and of ease.

In that country infant minds are trained to everything that has reference to war,—the use of the spear,—the use of the bow. It is a wild country: they have no gospel there, no peace there; one tribe at everlasting war with another tribe, always seeking to take revenge. Among the Africans, even the very infants on their mothers' lap are taught to thirst for the blood

of revenge. I remember a little boy whom I met; he was walking along with his father, and his father had on his shoulder his quiver, containing poisoned arrows, and his bow, and he had in his hand a couple of spears. The boy had his weapons also, and a few men were following after. I happened just to meet them. I was going in one direction, and they were passing in another. They waited till I came up, and I asked where they were going. They would not tell me. I asked again, and the silly answers they gave, led me to suspect that all was not right. The father was a heathen, and I supposed that he was going to attack some one, and kill him, or that he was going to steal some one's sheep or oxen. I said again, "Tell me where you are going,—perhaps I shall go with you. Is there any game?" "No, there is no game." I was seeking game, and had my gun with me. The boy, who had formerly been at the school, looked at me with eyes *so* large, and, putting my hand on his head, I asked where they were going. The boy replied, "Don't

look at me with those eyes." "What must I look at you with? What is the matter?" "Don't look at me with those eyes." The boy had been instructed to read in the school, and I had supposed that he was in school that very day,—a school under the superintendence of one of the African teachers,—and I was surprised to see him. It was a week-day: I had been preaching, and was returning home when I met him. He said again, "Don't look at me with those eyes," and I began to suspect that something must be wrong. The father stood like a wild buffalo looking at me, and I asked him again what was the matter. I looked at the boy again, put my arm round his neck, and talked to him affectionately. The boy was evidently in great terror, and at last I insisted, or rather begged the old man, the father, to tell me what he had done. By this time the other men came up and joined the party, and they also accosted me. I asked them what was the matter; adding, that I would go with them, for I was sure that things were not right.

What do you think they were all going to do? I shall tell you. It was to take that boy to a family, in order that he might plunge a spear into some of them. He had been taught by his mother when an infant, that when he had come to a certain age he should take an iron spear, a quiver, and an arrow, and go with his father to take revenge, to shed the blood of some individuals that had done harm to his grandfather, or some one else, for I forget, it is so long since. O, the disappointment was great!—the mortification of the man was inexpressible. He looked at me in great rage, but he was afraid to say anything, for I was a stouter man than he was; and, besides, I had a gun, and he might have thought I should shoot him, though I would have done no such thing. I had no idea, however, that he would do me harm; but he was dreadfully disappointed, inasmuch as he knew that his boy would not dare to go and commit murder, because he had seen the eyes of that man who had taught him to read and to sing.

I remember an old man, a hoary-headed man, who, after hearing me preach about the love of God, about the mercy of God, and how we ought to show mercy to each other, said that was a bad instruction,—ours was a bad religion. He asked, "How are we to live if we are not to take revenge? If we are not to kill others, others will kill us." He held out his fingers, and counted ten, to show me how many he had killed since he was ten years of age. This is a heathen declaration. Can you believe this, my children?

Contrast that, my children, contrast that, my older friends, with the instructions imparted to the young in our own country in the present day. What is the result of the one? The result of the one is misery and wo, destruction, death, and everlasting pain. What is the result of the other? The result of the other is peace, and joy, and love: exalting the Redeemer, who has conferred upon us such inestimable privileges. This, my dear children, for I now speak to you, will remind you of the lovely lines,—

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live:
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die."

But Africa, again, is a wild country The people there learn not only to use weapons, and to fight with each other, and kill each other, but also to defend themselves against beasts of prey. I will not trouble you with any lion stories except one. I will tell you one, and it will show my young friends, the boys, (I will talk to the girls by and by,) the dangers that little boys are exposed to in that land, and little girls too. I have known little girls who, when I inquired after them another time, I found had been devoured by a lion. There was a little boy with whom I met, and he seemed to look curiously at me: he seemed to eye me from head to foot: he seemed to think that I was of pretty good length, and pretty good strength: rather gigantic compared with the people among whom he lived. He looked at me, and I looked at him. I asked him what was the most wonderful thing he ever saw

His wondering eyes made me ask this question. He answered, "You are the most wonderful thing." I asked him what was so wonderful about me. "O," he said, "your hands are another color, your face is another color." He could not think why I put my legs into sacks, (for so he called my trowsers.) He did not know whether I was the same color under my clothes that my hands were. About my body he thought I was something like their own people. Among other questions, I think he asked me if my blood was red, the same as theirs. I looked to him rather an odd animal, and therefore he thought I was the most curious thing he ever saw. I asked him if he had ever seen anything else very remarkable. Well, I have frequently asked such questions just to see how they thought:—he rubbed his little head, as we sometimes do to get out ideas, and he thought he remembered a very wonderful thing. I knew that he had traveled a good deal, though yet a boy, and had been at a great distance in the interior of Africa. He was a stranger

in the part of the country where I saw him. He said, "I remember a wonderful thing," and he told me the story. He was about six or seven years of age, and he had been traveling with his father and mother, and two of the children. They came to a few old huts one night, and they went into one of them. They were not high enough to let a person, even a tall boy, stand erect. They were covered over with mats and grass, and there was a little hole for the door, like an oven door, and they crept in and out. I have gone hundreds of times into such huts in the same way. Generally when they pass the evening they lie down in a hole in the ground, and cover themselves over with grass. I am speaking of very poor people. There lay the father, the mother, and the children, and within the door there was a fire of wood. The boy had no clothing, nothing but a little sheepskin. There they lay all of a heap, but he, the little boy, having slept some hours, was becoming cold. He got up, and was holding his hand over the smoldering

ashes, which was nearly dead; but there was a piece of wood in the fire, red hot, under the ashes. He was holding his arms over this, with his eyes hardly opened, and he heard something at the door of the hut. He thought it was somebody who wanted to get in: he heard the noise of breathing, and thought the man had been running hard, and was drawing a long breath. He said, "You can come in if you like," and he again heard the breathing just close to the door. He said, "Why cannot you come in?" He took the stick of fire that was red hot, and in sympathy to the stranger pushed it out to let the poor man see the way in; and where do you think he pushed the red hot fire? Into a lion's mouth! The lion gave a most tremendous roar, and made the boy jump. The father and mother started up, and laid hold of the boy. He was terrified;—he could not tell what he had said, and what he had done; and there they lay trembling for two or three hours longer. When it was daylight they looked out, and found the marks of the great lion's

paws within ten or twelve inches of the door! There he had been waiting till the boy, or some one else, should put out his head, and then away would go head and body too into the bargain. The boy took up the stump of wood, passed it into his mouth, and away the roaring lion bounded with his lips burned, and I suppose they would require some salve.

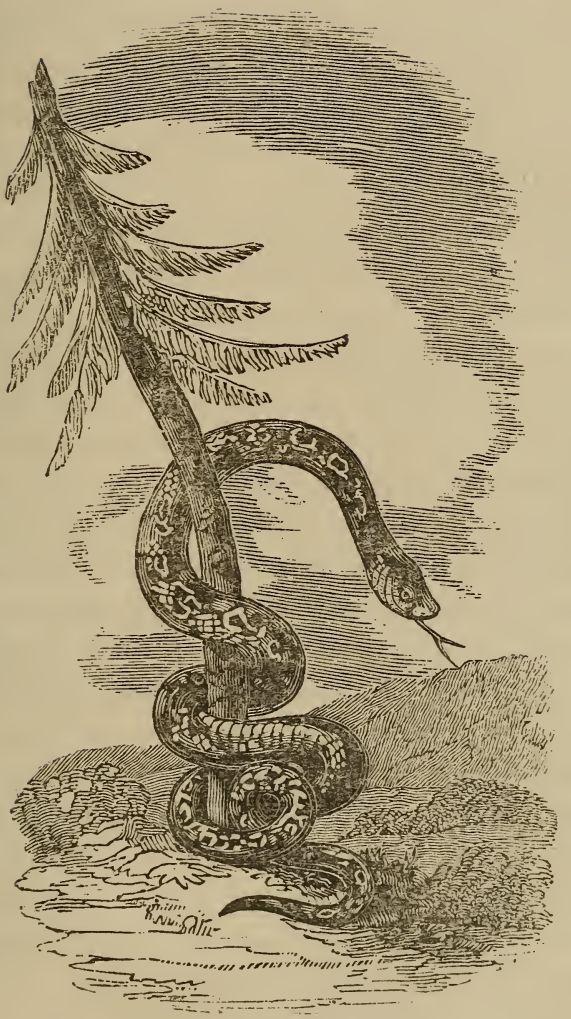
This will show you the dangers to which people are often exposed in that country; but there are dangers greater than these. There is the awful lion,—the lion of lions, that is, the devil, who like a roaring lion reigns there, and who has every one under his control there,—keeps them all ignorant there, and by that means they are all miserable, and die without hope. I will give you one specimen of it. At some distance from our station there was a little boy eight years of age. He lived with his father and mother, and they were rich; at least they had sheep, and oxen, and goats, and a garden. They resided in a beautiful valley where there were many inhabitants. When he was

eight years of age his father gave him an iron spear:—before that he had only a wooden spear and wooden arrows. But when his father gave him an iron spear and a little hat, and made a man of him, he was so glad, he was the happiest boy in the valley,—at least he thought so; for now he had received an appointment,—a commission. What was that to do? To go to the fields, and take care of his father's cattle. That is one principal point of education there. The greatest chiefs' sons go through the same round of duty as those of the plebeian, or poor people. Away he went with his spear, and looked out for game. If he saw a partridge he threw his spear at it, and then, again, at a hare; for there are no game laws in that part of Africa. He thought he should kill game for ever: his heart was so full of delight, that he did not know what to do with himself. O, he little knew how soon sorrow was to follow his joy; for in a few days afterward a band of fearful, fierce savages, of the Matabele tribe, came into the valley, burned the harvest, (for the grain was now

MATABELE WARRIOR.

ripe,) burned the villages, took the cattle, and killed all before them. This boy with his mother escaped, we do not know how, but very likely they might hide themselves in some hole among the bushes on the side of the hill. The next morning, when it was dawn of day, and the wind arose, and blew away the clouds of smoke from the valley along the mountains, the mother saw that she was a widow; for there was not a living soul to be seen: and the poor boy heard that he was fatherless,—his mother told him so; and there were no cattle to be seen in that valley, where, the day before, all was joyful, and all was happy;—heathen happiness! The mother and boy came down to their round hut, which had escaped the fire, and there she sat down, and mourned and wept, and the boy wept also. Poor boy! his mother's sorrows and tears made him weep. She took from the hedge a stake with which they dig up roots, and said to the boy, "I am poorly;"—yes, she was poorly: she was ill of what we call in this country intermittent fever. She said, "Take the

stake, and try if you cannot get a few roots." The boy went, but he could get no roots. She had a few handsful of brown grain, something like cabbage seed, and they ground this and some coarse grass together, and ate a little of it; but, O, it was very bad! But you cannot think what people will eat when they are hungry. I should not like to tell you what I have eaten;—but hunger will make a person eat anything. One day I was out, and I was hungry, and came to a Bushman sitting by a fire. I sat down with him, but he did not seem inclined to talk with me. There was something hot at the fire; it was smoking, and a hungry man has a keen scent. It is wonderful how he scents anything that is good. I was so hungry that I could have eaten anything. I have eaten locusts, and indeed they are very good. I would eat them any time after dinner for a dessert. I have often eaten the flesh of animals killed with poison the day before, and it never did me any harm; and worse things than these have I eaten. I said to the



THE COBRA DE CAPELLA,

youth,—for he appeared young,—"You have got something very good there; is it not ready?" He did not seem inclined to tell me. I put my hand into my pocket, and said, "Have you got a bit of tobacco?" "No," he said, "but if you like you can give me a bit." His countenance brightened, and by and by I got him coaxed to take out the morsel that was to satisfy us both. And what do you think it was? A serpent! a filthy serpent! a cobra de capella, with its head cut off; but its flesh looked very fine, and I dare say it was as good as any eel's. But the association of a deadly biting serpent,—sending that down your throat, I could not master it; and after tasting it, I left him to his precious meal, and went on. I met a man that evening, an acquaintance, and I asked him if he had anything to eat. He said he had got a jackal, and that is not much better than a dog,—I question if it is so good. However, I got a good supply that night, jackal as it was.

But I must return to this little boy and his mother. They felt hungry:—one day

passed over, and there was nothing to eat. The poor mother saw her hungry and lovely only boy with tears in his eyes. O she loved him with a mother's love! Some mothers in Africa are cruel, and throw away their children; but there are thousands of mothers that can love, and love with a "mother's love" too. At last the mother said to him, "My boy, go and take the narrow path that leads over the valley, and perhaps you will meet with some friends. For two days you have eaten nothing. Leave me,—I am going to die." "I leave you!" said the boy; "do not talk so, it makes me cry:—no, you will soon be well, and then I shall not suffer any more hunger." The mother drew an old tattered skin over her, and there she lay down on the floor. The poor boy little knew that these were the last words he was ever to hear from the lips of his mother. She was gone;—she died! The boy lay down, and slept that night, and got up in the morning, and he wondered why his mother slept so long. The day passed over, and he won-

dered why his mother did not get up. He laid down another night, and slept, and the next morning he thought his mother was sleeping very, very long. At last a woman, passing from a distance, saw the boy sitting. She looked into the hut, and saw something lying: she went in, and found the corpse. She said to the boy, "Your mother is dead,—she is cold and dead. You must go away:"—and away she went, and took no notice of the boy. The boy wept and wept, and he then thought of the words of his mother, telling him to take the narrow path. He went over the heights, and came to another valley, where he saw a man cultivating a field. He went up to him, and sat down. His eyes were filled with tears, his bones were covered with nothing but skin, and a pitiable object he was. The man had pity on him when he saw him;—he was suffering greatly. He asked him where he came from:—he could not speak;—his lips were parched. The man took the boy to the water, to wash the dust and dirt off him; and when he saw the water

he thought he was going to drown him. He said, "Do not drown me: I will be your servant; I will take care of your cattle." The man then led him to his children, and gave him some water and milk, and some food, and brought him about till he got strong; and he was happy with the boys and girls. Some months passed over in that way till the cannibals came to that part of the country. I suppose you all know what a cannibal means? It is, perhaps, too fine a name for some of you; but if I tell you another name, you will understand it better:—a man-eater. Were I to kill you, and boil, or roast, and eat you, I should be a cannibal, like the cannibals of the South Sea Islands, where the missionary Williams went. Cannibals came to the valley, and this man was afraid. He expected he should be eaten. He gathered his goods together, and he took his wife and his children. He had nothing but what he could carry away. This boy went with him; and after they had traveled two days, he said to the boy, "You cannot go with me; I cannot take care

of you now; I have children, and you must go and seek another master." "Leave you!" said the boy; "you have been a father to me; how can I leave you?" But the man insisted that he should go no further. The boy sat down under a bush, and there wept again, all alone in the world. He cried so bitterly, that he did not see which way his friends took. They went into the valley. A party of cannibals who were hiding in a hollow watched their footsteps, and followed them; and the next morning nothing was left of the kind man and his family but a few bones: they had been killed and eaten! Well might the young orphan be terrified. He thought that every bush that shook was a cannibal: he thought that every breath of wind was the voice of cannibals. He was so terrified that he ran to a cave, the mountain of the Maloutis, and there he lived a whole twelvemonth. What did he live on? On roots, or anything he could get. He heard the lions roar at night, and that prevented him sleeping: he heard hyenas coming near his den

and they would not let him sleep, and his old sheepskin was worn out, and at last he thought that he would go away. He was hardly able to walk, but he came to a village, and there the people took care of him. After some time that place became a missionary station;—and ah! a missionary station is a lovely place in a heathen land! It is a sweet place; it is a rest for the weary; it is a refuge for the faint; it is an asylum for the distressed; it is a stronghold for those who have been scattered and peeled.

The boy had grown into a young man then, and was living in vice and ignorance. He heard the missionary talk about something he could not see. He looked round and round, but he could not see what it was. He heard that there was a Being who took care of men and women, and boys and girls; that his eye was upon them where they were in their wanderings alone, or in towns with other people. His mind was impressed; he listened, and he learned to know Jehovah, the only true God. When he was received into the

church he told his sufferings and his experience, and much more than I have told you. He told how, all the way, God had preserved him, and with amazement he said, "What am I? I lived but as it were among the graves of others; and has God spared me that I should be a sinner upon earth? No, I will seek to know that God, and love that God." I believe that at the present time the young man is a native teacher at one of the missionary stations.

Ah! those blessings that attend the gospel to the old and young are beyond all description! "Blessings attend where'er He reigns." Could you see what I have seen hundreds and hundreds of times;—one group of heathen children learning to read, and another learning to sing. Could you see the Bechuana girls going together, some twenty, thirty, or forty of them singing away till they are ready to dance with joy;—could you see with what pleasure they sit down and learn to sew;—could you see them, instead of smearing themselves over with dirty grease, and putting ochre upon themselves and hanging but-

tons on their ears, and over their noses, and at the end of their hair; so that you would think they were the most uncomfortable creatures on earth; but they liked those things:—were you to see them, instead of this, going to bathe, and then see how neatly they are dressed, and how nice they look in a place of worship, you would be astonished. They feel the sweetness of the change themselves, and they know that we like to see them pleased with being clean, and being nicely dressed. I remember rather a curious circumstance that took place. It was at a time when Mrs. Moffat had very little work for the sewing school, that is, few materials. We shall not want materials now, when we go back to Africa. The friends have taken care that she shall not be out of work: the sewing school will not run aground for some time for want of it. But at the time to which I have referred, there were very few materials, and we lived some hundreds of miles from a market-town, and the people who brought things often charged too dear for the natives to buy. Thus I have often

known Mrs. Moffat find it difficult to keep the children supplied with work. You, at least some of you, understand these things better than I do. She procured from a traveling friend a number of books containing specimens of prints, such as are sent from Manchester, and other manufacturing towns, four or five inches square, and containing all colors and qualities:—here a gingham, here a blue print, and here something else,—the name of which I do not know. Mrs. Moffat, or Ma-Mary, as she is called in that country,* was happy to get them, and having got them, the children put the squares together. That was work for the sewing school for a certain time, especially for the little girls. At the end of the half-year they were wont to receive a little present. It was little, for there was not to give: it was a reward to encourage them. You were sure to see them on

* Parents in that country are called by the names of their first-born. Mary is our eldest daughter; and thus Mrs. Moffat is Ma-Mary, or mother of Mary;—and I am Ra-Mary, or father of Mary.

the sabbath day, and at the prayer meetings also.

Now, after these little frocks had been made, like Joseph's coat of many colors and qualities, all like patch-work, the next sabbath when they appeared in the chapel, after these had been distributed to the girls that had conducted themselves the best, they came in like a small regiment, and sat together in one front seat. That is a peep at the dawn of civilization. Do you know, my dear children, what I mean by dawn? Dawn is the beginning of morning light, and these things are the beginning of civilization among a people who had no frocks or clothes such as you have; but having commenced with the infant mind, it is astonishing to see the ascendency it has over the older folks. The kindness that has been shown by the missionaries and their wives to many a little girl in the sewing school, and many a little boy in the day school, has been the means of bringing their own parents to love the gospel: but I shall tell you more of this when God shall spare me to

return to Africa. Ma–Mary, for now you know her name, will also tell you by letters, for you may not see us again.

I shall mention another circumstance, and then conclude: for though you are all attention, I must leave and preach a sermon to-night. We have now in that country many missionary stations, and many schools. We have infant schools, sewing schools, sabbath schools; and in these schools we have thousands of children taught to read who never could read before, and who never were clothed before. Among that people you would be astonished to see their desire to have books, and their anxiety to learn to read. I remember seeing an old man and his wife,—a grandfather and a grandmother. I was very ill off for monitors, and it was my turn to conduct the Sunday school. There was no room in the house, or rather it was too warm, and they came out on a fine green, under the shadow of green willow trees. One circle was formed after another, with a monitor of some kind. Often there was a little girl,—for

our girls are the best monitors,—in the middle of the circle, with a board, and some A, B, C, or spelling lessons, on it. Away they went, each circle going on with their own music,—for it was music to my ear, though not very harmonious sometimes. One circle had no monitor, and they called out to me that they wanted one. I told them that I could not find a monitor; that they must help themselves. When I came near the circle, I saw that the old man was devising a plan. His granddaughter was sitting on the knee of his wife, her grandmother; and she was the monitor of that circle. The little bit of a thing, though very young, was able to teach; for she knew the A, B, C, perfectly, and she was a little philosopher compared to her grandmother. The grandmother had no idea that the old man was devising a plan to steal the monitor from her. He said to one of his companions, "Go and give my wife a bit of snuff, and when she puts out her hand, you lay hold of the child on the other side." The man thus got possession of the child, and away

he ran: it was rather upon high ground,—that is, she was sitting in a low place,—and the woman ran after him as hard as she could, getting stones to throw at him, for running away with the child. I roared out, "That will not do." She replied, "He has taken my grandchild, who was my monitor." I thought, at the same time, it was a lovely sight,—a delightful sight, after all. Many, many years I have seen when, if there had been a monitor, there was nobody to be taught among that people. The influence of children who have received instruction in our schools is remarkable. It is astonishing to witness the influence of little children in their respective families. I remember, when at a school in Namaqualand, an amiable little girl. She had got a part of the Testament, and was beginning to read nicely. She lived at a little distance, and I knew little about her parents: I did not know that they lived there. After she began to read she did not come so regularly to school as before;—she was often late in the morning. I found fault,—I

complained of it, with softness and mild admonition;—I said, "How is it that you come to school rather late? Can you not get up earlier?" Poor thing, she did not tell me the reason;—she remained quiet. Another and another day she was late again, and late again, and I thought there was something the matter. I asked her where she lived, and she said, "I will take you to where I live." On the evening of that day I followed the little girl, with her Testament under her arm. She took me over a hill, and down a ravine, where there was a little village of a few houses together,—so we call a village in that country. She took me to a house, and there I saw a venerable old woman,—a woman on whose brow were the hoary hairs of age. When I asked her, "Who is this?" she said, "My grandmamma." I asked again, "And who is this?" "My mamma." I sat and wondered, and then I asked the mother the question,—"Do you know anything about God?" On finding that she perfectly understood the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, and that

"God so loved the world," &c.,—and all that I referred to, I immediately addressed myself to the grandmother, and said, "I have not had an opportunity of seeing you at chapel:—I have seen this one, the mother, occasionally, but I never saw you. Do you know anything about the love of God?" "O, yes," she said; "I know God." I asked, "What has God done for you?" "God," she said, "has done great things for me. He created me, he preserved me, and he sent his Son, Jesus Christ, to save me;" and she wept: I wept too; and had you, my dear young friends, been there, you would have wept. I was utterly astonished to find the woman in that position;—a woman that I had never seen before;—at least if I had seen her, it must have been by accident. I asked, "Where did you learn these things?" She pointed to her granddaughter, and said, "Ever since she has learned to read, she has read to me every morning. I often said that I was afraid she would be too late for school, and I told her to tell you. I don't know whether

she has told you, but she is always anxious to read to me. She sometimes reads half the night, and I often have to tell her to go to bed; and then she gets up in the morning again, and she reads, and reads, so that she forgets her very breakfast, and has to take it with her to eat on the road." Think of this little girl. After first learning to read, the first effort of her infant mind was to teach her grandmother that there was a God, and that that God loved the world. I felt as if I could sit the livelong day, a year, to meditate on the condescension and mercy of God, in blessing these simple means to the conversion of that venerable grandmother.

Now I must come to a close; but before I do so, allow me, my dear young friends, in particular to call your attention to the words which have been read in your hearing,—"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when you shall say, I have no pleasure in them." I have been young, and now I am old;—old compared to many hun-

dreds here; but let me assure you that nothing grieves me more, though I began at an early time of my life to serve God,—nothing grieves me more than that I should not have begun earlier to love and serve the Redeemer. O, how delightful it is to look back, after you have grown up to be men and women, to the very infancy of childhood, when you said to God, "Thou art my Father,"—when you began to pray. O, my young friends! recollect that every day adds hardness to the heart, and every year renders conversion more difficult; and the older you grow, the more doubtful conversion is. You know that it is an awful thing to put off conversion;—to put off seeking after God. Death-bed repentance is an awful repentance. We hear in the Bible of only one death-bed repentance,—the thief on the cross. We hear of many being called in youth and riper years; and blessed, blessed are the children that begin in infancy to seek the Lord. O, how happy will be their lot, and how eminently useful will they be made in the church of God, compared to

those who have only sought God when their years have been many;—when the best part of life has been spent. O, my young children, I have said we may never again see each other if you do not come out to Africa. I may come back,—that is a possibility,—I cannot tell,—it is not very likely. But there may be here a Morrison,—there may be here a Williams,—there may be here a Carey,—there may be here a Milne,—there may be here a Coke,—there may be here a Wesley,—there may be here a Whitefield,—there may be here a John Knox, for aught I know; for the world requires reformers yet. O, the field is great! There is a call for missionaries and for missionary effort. Let me hope that many here, boys and girls, will become men and women,—missionaries and missionaries' wives, to go out perhaps to Africa. You may come there, and cast your eyes perhaps on a mound of stones that covers the remains of Robert Moffat, who is now addressing you. You will remember his words,—you will remember his last entreaty, his last wish,—read your

Bibles,—read your Bibles. Some of you know, I suppose, that it was at the urgent request of my mother, when I was a little boy, that I read my Bible: nay, she made me promise that I would do something, and she would not tell me what that something was; yet I could not withstand her prayers and tears. I said at last, "Yes, mother;" for I was going to part from her,—part from a mother and a father. O the very sound melts the heart! My heart was tender,—I was going to leave her. She said, "Read the Scriptures,—read the New Testament,—read much in the Gospels,—ye canna go astray there;—there is food for infant minds, and there is sublimity,"—in her nervous language,—"that would raise you to the throne of God." O, I am happy that I made that promise! I repeat it; because, though I did it sadly against my will, yet reading the Bible was the means of bringing me to the feet of the Saviour; and what she told me when I was an infant was the means of leading my mind to the missionary field. I have gone out, and come in again,

after an absence of twenty-three years, and have seen that venerable mother, and a venerable father, and have bid them "farewell" again.

And now I am going once more to Africa. My children, will you think of me? Will you remember me? Will you pray for me?—pray for my fellow-laborers?—pray for my children?—pray that what I say and do may be blessed? Then, when we meet where we shall all meet:—O, we *shall* meet!—there is no escaping then;—we must, we shall meet in another world,—how shall we rejoice together! But, ah! if we meet there before the throne of God to be separated, some on the right hand, and some on the left;—some to be received into glory, and some to sink down into hell, what will the Africans say? O, my friends, to see some of you,—you who have been in a Sunday school,—you who have been taught from your childhood to read the Scriptures,—what will they say if they see you sink down, down to everlasting misery; and they, they, the heathens, though murderers,

though men of blood, though savages, washed, sanctified, justified, and received up into glory?

Ah, my friends, what is there for the never-dying soul in this world? What is there to satisfy your soul but the love of God? What is there to sustain us in all our trials, to sustain us in the hour of death, but the faith of the gospel? I have seen heathens die, and would you like to see them die? O it is awful! Heathens die, and though they do not know all,—though they do not know that there is a hell,—though they do not know that there is a devil in that hell,—though they do not know that there is a God to take vengeance, yet they tremble at death,—they tremble at the prospect of being cut off for ever from the world! O it is awful to see them die! They die without being cheered with the presence of Jesus in going into the invisible state! Nothing surprises the heathen more in our country,—I say our country,—for Africa is the country of myself and Mrs. Moffat,—than to see a Christian die,—to see the tender, delicate woman

smile at death,—to hear her talk of the grave sweetened with the presence of the Saviour,—to hear her talk of the flowery path to bliss, and the company of angels to guard her to the presence of her God;—to hear her talk of happy communion with invisible things, and that there are no terrors in the world above:—they stand awhile, and turn away aghast; they are perfectly amazed; they withdraw in astonishment from scenes like this. They see that there is something in religion; and were it only to die as a Christian dies, it is worth being a Christian.

Now, my beloved friends and dear children, permit me to commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, "which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them who are sanctified." And, O, to you, whose hearts are now warm with the love of God,—to you who have now shining prospects,—and to others who have faint prospects, I would say, "Farewell for a short time!" "We know that when the earthly house of our tabernacle shall be dissolved, we

have a building of God,"—we have a home, a heavenly home. Our Jesus has said, "I go to prepare a place for you." Paul said, for our encouragement, that he knew that "for him was laid up a crown of glory, and not for him only, but for all those who loved the appearing of Jesus." O, my friends, think of your souls,—think of God,—think of eternity,—think of Jesus. A few more rolling suns at most will land us. O that it may land us all "on fair Canaan's coasts!"

> "There we shall sing the song of grace,
> And see our glorious hiding-place."

There we shall meet with patriarchs and prophets;—there we shall meet with missionaries from every quarter of the world;—there we shall meet with immortal Africans with palms in their hands, and crowns on their heads;—there we shall meet with Hindoos;—there we shall meet with Greenlanders from the everlasting snows, where the Moravians have planted sweet Sharon's rose;—negroes from the islands of the West, and islanders from the

South, will be there:—Williams, all-glorious Williams, will be there!—and O what a sight that will be! What a transporting prospect is before us! "Let us, then, never be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

Farewell, my dear young friends,—farewell!

THE END.